

Harbinger of Light.

A
MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREE THOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM,
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day."

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In our last issue we drew attention to the vagaries of a few individuals (some of whom were formerly Spiritualists), but who have, within the last few months, withdrawn from the ranks of progression, and prostrated their reason at the feet of the school-mistress of the magnetic school. It appears that our strictures were not premature, and our warning opportune. During the past month the head scholar has spoken; and, although we expected some novelties, his deliverance has outdone our most extravagant expectations. The liberal and too-confiding committee of the Spiritualist Association, invited Mr. Jas. Smith to conduct their service on Sunday October 13th, and that gentleman having no restrictions placed upon him, availed himself of the opportunity to announce to the world the divine will and intentions as revealed through their special oracle, the gist of the lecture was as follows:—"That God had originally intended that mankind should live in harmony and not stray from the right path; that in spite of His incessant efforts to keep him on the track, he would continually stray right and left, God had tried various means at divers times, he had not only sent his angels to be incarnated in human form from time to time, but had re-incarnated the stray sheep over and over again, but his efforts were ineffectual to check the determination of man to disobey his laws, they had slaughtered the bodies of the incarnated angels, and the re-incarnated humans as a rule were not improved, hence sin and vice were rampant and on the increase, and God's patience being well-nigh exhausted, it was his intention to bring matters to a climax, He would withhold his wrath for a short time and give us one more chance, which was to be the last, and all those who did not avail themselves of it were to be burnt up into nothing, by a wave of magnetic fire! We did not clearly understand how we were to escape this unpleasant denouement, but in a letter from Mr. Smith, which appears in the *Daily Telegraph*

of October 17th, the oracle speaks more distinctly. In this extraordinary letter we are told that "The truths (*sic*) delivered at the Masonic Hall have no relation, and are wholly repugnant, to Spiritualism; that the writer is not and never was a Spiritualist; that the spirits have been trooping to the earth for the last twenty-five years in obedience to a law of which they are ignorant (but which, of course, the oracle knows all about) in order that they may be re-incarnated, and receive as every human spirit that has ever lived is about to receive—The final judgment in the flesh; when those who accept the offer of the Father's love will go into everlasting life; those who are incapable of receiving it, by reason of continued acts of disobedience through a succession of incarnations, will go into everlasting death, *i.e.*, they will be obliterated from the book of life." The oracle proceeds—"I have said that the human race has reached the term of its existence on the globe," &c. &c., and then explains that the only hope of safety lies in our realizing a condition of utter helplessness before God, until we become fit tabernacles for the Holy Spirit, when we shall be able to pass scathless through that wave of magnetic fire which seems to have occasioned the editor so much amusement. But this amusement, the sceptical editor is told, will suddenly be transformed into consternation ere long. A little further on we are informed that the Divine Spirit was not incarnated in Jesus until he was thirty years of age—this information should be interesting to orthodox Christians. It appears that we are so "blinded by materialism, and deafened by the din of worldly pursuits, that we have failed to observe the indications of the coming wave—to wit, "the volumes of magnetic fire being projected from the sun, the forest fires in America, the number of deaths from sunstroke in temperate regions, and the increased number of earthquakes." The concluding portion of the letter contains the pith of it, for the writer says, "If what he has spoken is of and from himself it will come to naught, and he will be branded as a monomaniac and derided as a visionary; but if it is the Father (speaking through him, then all the pulpits, newspapers, and Spiritualists, will not prevail against it. Of this we have no doubt, and we leave it to the discrimination of an intelligent public to discern between the fanaticism of man and the voice of God."

It is, indeed, a lamentable sight when men of the stamp of Mr. James Smith descend from the eminence whence they have been respected, to the plane of the unreasoning fanatic. Many will marvel how this can be, but to those acquainted with psychological or biological phenomena, there is little to marvel at. It is a comparatively easy matter for one powerful magnetizer to bring a number of submissive subjects under his or her psychological influence, which, if refreshed at intervals, enables the operator to suppress some faculties, and bring out others, making the subjects mere instruments in their hands, ultimately destroying the equilibrium of the brain. During the earlier portions of the initiation, and while the control is weak, the subject is exhorted not to read or endeavor to work out any difficult problem, lest the positive action of the brain should neutralize the magnetic influence; meantime the unfortunate victim becomes less and less able to resist, until at last the operator's thoughts, ideas, and even words, become their's. The magnetizer says—"I am a spirit from the sun," and straightway it is accepted and believed. There is neither desire or power to resist until the spell is broken by some more powerful influence, the individuality is lost. If the subject has intellect he will elaborate the ideas impressed upon the mind, and by garnishing them up in flowery language fascinate a few weak minds who may have had a leaning to some of the ideas presented.

This we believe to be the true solution of the affair; we have the testimony of several neophytes who withdrew in time; of the powerful magnetic influence brought to bear, also as to the *modus operandi*. There has been a very general impression abroad that the so-called magnetic school was a spirit circle, and enquirers, especially from the country, sought to gain admission to its mysteries. Now their speaker has endorsed our disavowal of them we have nothing further to do with their ideas or follies; but we still hold out to them the hand of sympathy, and trust that, at some future day, the light of reason will replace the darkness of blind faith, and enable at least some of them to be what they once were, viz: helpers in the work of Spiritualism, free thought, and religious progress.

SUBSTITUTION.

SUBSTITUTION, in its plain, literal signification, cannot be understood to mean anything else than one being put in the place of another, the substituted thing, object, or person, fulfilling the same functions as the original displaced object. Now, according to the generally received idea of Christendom, man has incurred a punishment at the hands of the Almighty: that punishment being nothing less than to have his soul kept alive for ever in a state of inexpressible torture; but, as it is set forth, this penalty is averted by its infliction being borne by a substitute, Jesus Christ. From this it should be obvious that Jesus Christ, in becoming a substitute, should bear the exact punishment due to men; but that he has done so is not made at all apparent. We are told that he has taken our punishment, but no amount of rhetoric or logic can overcome a clear statement of fact or divert the conclusion thence derived. Man's punishment is (granting for the moment the truth of the ordinary theological averment) everlasting damnation and eternal agony; has the substitute taken the punishment on himself? If so, he should be now in hell, and should remain there to all eternity, while man, without any

exception, should be relieved from the exaction of the penalty; such would appear a just idea of substitution. But it is very evident that the punishment has not been borne, for it is stated that Christ is now in heaven, enjoying the praise of God, angels, and men, and the delight of the contemplation of the great results his incarnation has been the means of effecting. He appears to have lost nothing in the shape of dignity, honor, or power, by his efforts in the cause of human redemption, but, on the contrary, in addition to his former glory as God, he has now Humanity annexed to his Deity, completing thereby his universal experience, and being enabled to receive as a man the gratitude and homage of mankind. If Jesus were God, his sufferings here for a short period as a man would, one might suppose, be cheerfully undertaken, seeing the immense issue at stake—the salvation from destruction of untold generations of men (men of his own creation, too, and not consulted whether they would be brought into the world or not). The result would be surely worth the effort; and a being having it in his power to effect this great result, and declining on account of the pain to be suffered in its accomplishment, would be unworthy the name of man, let alone God. And all to be done without in the least imperilling his own ultimate happiness—his own soul was secure, although, as a substitute, it should have been damned, and the place of the second person of the Trinity left for ever a blank in the courts of heaven. Were Christ now suffering alone in hell, and have to so suffer to all eternity, then would it, indeed, be a case of the innocent suffering for, or in place of, the guilty, and the state of mind of the redeemed in heaven who could calmly contemplate such a sacrifice, and at such a cost, and live in happiness at the same time, would be something to be wondered at; and yet it is under the implication that he has made this sacrifice, that our love and fealty are commanded. Many an ordinary man has, before and since, borne suffering and death cheerfully, sufferings quite equal to, or even greater than, those recorded of Jesus, and one can conceive that a human being, under the exaltation of feeling induced by the knowledge of the effects on the world of his individual suffering, would gladly endure a living martyrdom of tenfold intensity to anything on record, and a death of unparalleled agony, without the prospect of any hereafter of either pleasure or pain, happiness or woe, for himself, the sublimity of his life of self-abnegation being his ever-present reward; but still greater would be the impetus to his efforts, having, superadded—the knowledge that after all his suffering and death, he would be made supremely happy, and entirely recompensed for all that he had undergone, by the approving smile of God, and the gratitude and love of his fellows. The whole system constructed and maintained by current theology is so full of inconsistencies, of which the foregoing observations embody but a fraction, that a mind not excited by appeals to the feelings, cannot accept it as a just exposition of the ways of God to man; and the individual who dares to think out the question for himself, and to give expression to his thoughts, must avail himself of the privilege conferred by the vital principle of Protestantism, the right of independent judgment.

RE-INCARNATION.

THROUGH an error, a line was dropped in our leader of last month, and the writer being absent from Melbourne at the time we went to press, the omission was not discovered till too late for correction. As it refers to a question of some importance, and on which we have not expressed our views, we think it advisable to supply the omission. It occurs in the summing up of the teachings of the magnetic school in the middle of the second column page 1, and is as follows:—"Next Re-incarnation, or Retrogressive progression." We think the designation of the theory (though apparently a contradiction in terms) is appropos, as re-incarnation is essentially a going back to get forward. We have not yet had time to go exhaustively into this subject, but as far as we have gone we find nothing but theory in support of it, while evidence and analogy are against it.

EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

For some months past the American papers have teemed with accounts of the systematic appearance of the spirits of the departed at the house of a Mr. M. Keeler, (situated at Moravia, in New York State,) through the mediumship of Mrs. Andrews. The house has been visited by thousands—newspaper reporters, clergymen, and people in all ranks of society; and, in spite of the most careful scrutiny, nothing has occurred to throw a doubt upon the genuineness of the phenomena. The greater number of the visitors see, and frequently converse with, the spirits of departed relatives or friends. More recently similar manifestations have occurred in Cincinnati, the medium being a Mrs. Hollis, wife of Captain Hollis. We append some selections, which are fair specimens of the numerous accounts of the phenomena given by eye witnesses, which we think will be read with interest:—

[From the St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat.]

EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—Having recently visited Moravia, N. Y., for the purpose of investigating the new and marvellous phase of "Spiritual manifestations," so called, now being made in the vicinity of that village, to the amazement of so many people, I have been requested by several intelligent readers of the *Democrat* in this community to give to the public, through its columns, a statement of the result of my investigations. So, if you find room for such a statement briefly made, I have no objection to its being published.

Allow me first to say that it was not alone to gratify my own curiosity I consented to visit the Mecca of Spiritualists, but also to satisfy numerous friends who could not themselves go. It seems to be a matter of some astonishment to many pious people that I should think it worth while to travel a thousand miles, wasting time and money, besides leaving my little corner of the Lord's vineyard to grow up in weeds, if nothing worse, in order to look after things so new and strange, not to say diabolical. Now these same pious people are ready to applaud the great naturalist of New England when he goes to the end of the world, braving the perils of land and sea, to find a new lizard, fish or crab.

I would not pluck a single laurel from the brow of so enterprising a man, yet I can not see that his zeal to find something novel in the animal kingdom should be counted any more praiseworthy than is the spending of time and money to find a new power in the human mind, an additional argument for immortality, and fresh hopes and diviner aspirations for poor humanity.

Learning, as I had, that thousands of intelligent men and women were making pilgrimages to the house of an old farmer in the neighborhood of Moravia, where, according to report, the returning spirits of the departed were daily making themselves visible by putting on tangible forms, and walking and talking, taking by the hand their old friends in the flesh, looking lovingly into their eyes, and assuring them that they never were more alive, I could not possibly regard the affair, whether true or false, as unworthy of investigation. To feel, or affect to feel, no interest in phenomena so strange, seems to me downright stupidity. I say this without any wish to cast unkind reflections upon the good people, and certain clerical gentlemen who have counseled silence with regard to what I elicited, saw and heard during my three weeks' investigation of the new phase of the occult science. They no doubt have reasons satisfactory to themselves for offering such counsel.

Now for the facts. Kind reader, imagine yourselves at a country house, and in a plain room, about large enough to seat comfortably twenty-five or thirty people. As it happens, there are now just seven persons present to form a circle. Only three of these are strangers to me; the rest my relatives, who accompanied me hither. We form a semi-circle and join hands. The medium, Mrs. Andrews, sits facing us. I can easily touch her with my cane. My right arm rests on a piano-forte. A lamp is burning brightly. It is nine o'clock in the morning, but we need the lamp, because the only window of the apartment is darkened, and the only door bolted.

The medium now remarks: "We first sit in the dark, and continue till the spirits call for a light. The light is now extinguished. The piano begins to play. It is not the medium, for I am conversing with her. Passing my cane along the keys I feel no one; still the playing goes on, and is directly assisted by voices, seemingly in the air above us, that join in with great power and sweetness. Mysterious lights are beginning to dance before us, describing curve lines and circles, and playing around each other in a way that makes it clear they are guided by intelligence. While this beautiful display is going on, soft voices whisper startling things in our ears, and delicate hands thrill us by gentle touches and affectionate caresses. A familiar voice, long silent in death, as I had thought, said to me: "Dear brother, I come to greet you! Believe me, this is your own sister Nancy. A fortnight ago you visited my grave. I stood by your side, though you saw me not, my spirit body being invisible as the viewless air. How I wanted to speak to you! Thanks to Heaven for the present opportunity!" Tender lips now kissed mine. I sat speechless, my heart swelling and throbbing, but directly found relief in gushing tears.

During the dark seance white and purple clouds gathered above our heads and seemed in commotion. Their crimson edges now and then shed such light as enabled us to see one another, and every object in the room. Out of the clouds came, at one time, a little dash of rain, accompanied by wind and the rich perfume of flowers. Immediately after this a white figure that seemed a column of cloud, snowy, yet tinged with something bright and luminous, came down and sat before me. While I gazed, wondering what it might be, the figure bent toward me, and out came a luminous hand, which was gently laid upon my forehead. It remained but for a moment, touching my temple and cheek affectionately. It disappeared in the fleecy folds enveloping the mysterious figure, which now ascended and was lost to my view amid the moving clouds overhead.

After about thirty-five minutes of darkness, a voice in the air said: "Please strike a light." Being nearest the light, I complied with the request. The medium, now rising from her chair, went into the cabinet, which is a thing looking not unlike a common wardrobe. It is made of plain, thin boards, and has folding doors about three feet and a half high. Above the door hangs a black velvet curtain reaching down to the top of the shutters when closed.

Upon entering the cabinet, the medium requested me to close and latch the door after her. As I did so, I was surprised to see an armless hand white as snow, come out from under the curtain and tap me on the hand and arm, which it did quickly and several times, then darted back into the cabinet. Resuming my seat in the circle, we waited a few minutes, and the curtain of the aperture slowly moved aside while the face of a man appeared. There was nothing ghostly in the look or action of the apparition. Countenance, feature, complexion, and every movement of muscle, and motion of head, hand and lip were perfectly natural. He bent his gaze steadfastly upon a middle-aged man in the circle, who was a stranger to me, and evidently made an effort to speak, but failing, waved his hand and drew back from the light, letting the curtain drop. The gentleman at whom the apparition had looked so earnestly, now exclaimed: "That was my father! Oh, will he not speak to me?" Immediately the curtain went aside again, and the same face presented itself, and another effort—I thought a painful one—was made to speak. The mouth opened, the lips moved, but no sound of voice was heard. With a slight shade of disappointment on his countenance, the old man bowed his head twice, and putting forth his hand, waved an adieu in a most feeling manner. In a few seconds afterward, the curtain was put back by a hand resembling very much the armless one which had caressed me at the aperture. And now a face, fac simile of one I had seen confined years gone by. Without speaking, I turned a glance upon my sister in the flesh, sitting by my side. She was trembling and weeping, so I felt sure she was not behind me in the recognition of the face at the aperture. It was our dear departed sister, the same who had spoken to us in the dark a few minutes before. She

now uttered her own name in her own clear, familiar tone. How the blood tingled in my veins as her well-remembered gray eyes met mine! Nor seemed she less moved than I. I could not keep my seat, but glided up to the aperture, when she, with manifest emotion, threw her arms around my neck. It was but for a moment. Releasing me, she quickly disappeared behind the curtain.

But I must crowd the facts and incidents I propose to give more closely. Of course I can not set down all, nor even half, in an article like this, intended to be brief, which was elicited during an investigation kept up day after day for three weeks.

I saw many strange faces at the aperture; some days from ten to fifteen or twenty, the most of whom were recognized by some one or more present in the circle. It was near a week after the appearance of the sister just alluded to, before I recognized another face, yet a number of apparitions professed to recognize me. At length two other sisters succeeded in materializing themselves, and appeared side by side at the aperture. The recognition was undoubted, my sister at my side recognizing them at the same moment I did. And strangers present remarked upon the family resemblance. But the certainty was made doubly certain when the apparition mentioned incidents in their earth-life and ours which we readily and vividly remembered.

A few days subsequent, our mother appeared, threw open the door of the cabinet, and showed herself to us from head to foot.

Six times during the three weeks an old acquaintance, who died a materialist, appeared to me, looked and talked naturally; referred repeatedly to his materialistic notions, and how unhappy they made him. Said much about his present condition, and its advantages over the former; tried to give me an idea of spirit-life, the pursuits, pleasures and amusements of spirits, as well as their institutions for doing good, educating the ignorant, and lifting higher the low and debased.

I must give one more instance of recognition, and close my story, already, perhaps too long.

A few days before I left the place a gentleman came there, bringing with him two little girls—his own daughters—the elder perhaps eight years old, the younger about six. Before going into the *seance* room he said to me: "When about leaving home my wife observed, 'I would go too if I thought mother would show herself there; but as she was always opposed to Spiritualism, I'm sure she'll have no desire to make any manifestation.' 'The last one I should look for,' he rejoined; 'she was so bitter against everything of the kind.' But lo! after the light *seance* began, who should appear first at the aperture but this same old grandmother. She bent her eyes affectionately upon the children. The little girls gazed a moment in mute astonishment, then both at once clapping their hands in ecstasy, exclaimed: 'Grandma! Grandma!'"

"Keep still," said the father in a low tone of voice; and evidently much moved; then to the apparition said, "you didn't believe in this a few weeks ago."

"No," replied the spirit, "but thank God it is true!" These words were uttered very distinctly and with a peculiar stress of voice, indicating earnestness and deep feeling. The old lady had been dead but three weeks.

I could give many more remarkable tests through recognition, but must close here.

ISAAC KELSO, Alton, Ill.

The following, in reference to the Cincinnati manifestations, is extracted from the *Religio Philosophical Journal*. The article is too long to report in full, but we give the larger portion of it:—

"Before the time for holding the next cabinet exhibition I adjusted a shelf under the aperture on the outside of the cabinet door. It was about fourteen inches long and nine inches wide. On this shelf I placed a slate and pencil, believing firmly that the hand and arm that could be materialized and maintained in light for one minute, could as well exhibit its power to write before the eyes of men and women.

On the following morning Mrs. Hollis again entered the cabinet, and the door had been closed but a few minutes, when, without any of the noise that had hitherto preceded the manifestations, the long arm was again projected into the room, its full length. This arm was interesting! intensely so! An arm and hand is an emblem of power. It is a menace to the wrong doer and a defender of the right. It now swept with its reach almost the entire front of the cabinet. With its fingers it played along the cornice on the top of the cabinet, as if manipulating the key-board of a piano. It continued in this inexplicable strain for a full minute, when, according to precedent, we expected to see the arm withdrawn; but instead, it now took up the pencil from the slate, and proceeded to write thereon in full light, while we were all looking at it. I called to the medium while this was being done, and she responded from her usual place in the cabinet, which was not near the aperture. The writing proceeded deliberately, without haste or any symptom of excitement, from the first word to the signature, consuming about a minute in time, aggregating a space of two minutes that this very muscular but symmetrical hand and arm were exposed to view.—When the writing was concluded the hand raised itself about six inches above the slate, and, pausing for a few seconds, dropped the pencil and withdrew.

For some unexplainable cause I feel a trepidation when I approached the cabinet to examine the slate, and ascertain what was written on it. When I attempted to remove the slate from the shelf, out came the hand and arm we had been gazing at with wonder and awe for the last ten minutes, and seizing my hand pressed it again, and again, and then patted my arm to the elbow with as much fondness and delicacy of touch as a mother would her child. A voice spoke in the cabinet which, in my confusion, I could not distinctly understand. I now removed the slate, and read with amazement the following communication, written in a very peculiar but legible hand:

"God bless you, my fellow worker in the cause of liberty and truth. I greet you this day: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!' Work on; your reward shall be great! When the world asks who is your control, tell them the words I said to Dumas long years ago: 'I am the rear guard of the Grand Army,' for so it really is. We are a host, and you shall have the cross of honor. My voice never went forth to the Grand Army of France to cheer it on to victory as it does to you! Work on! Be firm! You are the front of the army and I the rear. It cannot fail.

Yours, in truth and honor,

"MICHAEL NEY."

Could we believe our senses! Had the chasm of death been bridged, and was our loved ones again permitted to cross the abyss of separation—to grasp with friendly hand our own, and in broad view and full light iddle with their own hands, messages of love and congratulations! I could not comprehend the importance and magnitude of this achievement. "The world moves!" was my first thought; and "who shall believe our report?" was the second. But then came the comforting reflection that if this thing be true, it will survive all the opposition that may be aroused to prevent its recognition. No amount of antagonism can destroy a truth. It contains inherently the germ of eternal lifehood. It may be

"Crushed to earth; but 'twill rise again,"
The eternal years of God are here,
While error smitten, writhes in pain,
And dies amid its worshippers!"

After transcribing this extraordinary communication, and returning to the cabinet to replace the slate upon the shelf, while in the act of doing this, three hands were presented at the aperture, within twelve inches of my face.

I was surprised, but not confused in my faculties. I looked at them calmly, and scrutinized them as closely as any one would inspect any curious thing. These hands had not been on exhibition before. They all belonged to adults, and on the finger next to the least, on the left hand of one, was worn a heavy plain gold ring. I have seen just such rings worn by ladies, but the hand

presented belonged to a man, I should think. I had ample time to view these three hands, and the light enabled me to examine even the texture of the skin.

As soon as they were withdrawn, the long writing arm came out and wrote on the slate under my very eye:

"We can do no more this morning. Our medium is exhausted. Will show you a face to-morrow. NEY."

Thus closed this wonderful *seance*, the details of which I have but imperfectly recorded, which will not fade from memory while life continues to maintain the senses perfect. Indeed,

"Time will this impression deeper make
As streams their channels deeper wear."

What effect the announcement of this startling phenomena will produce in others, I cannot say. Viewed from different standpoints and in different moods of minds, readers will form opinions widely different, and to suit themselves. These, however will not disturb the facts; they will remain unchanged, beacons for all time. In vain will fashion, warped education, bigotry, prejudice or public opinion beat their waves and extend their force against the granite ledges upon which truth builds her immortal temple. * * *

In the evening we all assembled in the upper room for the last dark circle. Before extinguishing the light, the ceiling was examined, and no trace of pencil marks or any other marks could be discovered on it. I now gave Mrs. Hollis a lead pencil, and requested her, if she was again floated to the ceiling, to mark the point touched. The music-box now began to play, and all being seated, the light was extinguished. In a very few seconds a multitude of voices seemed to be earnestly talking about Mrs. Hollis; they were as loud as an ordinary conversation, and among them one who seemed to sway the balance. They spoke in French.

Now commenced those sounds which seemed more like the action of birds' wings cutting the air, but not flapping against the birds, than any thing I could then or since compare them to.

The voices now were all hushed, excepting the one in command. At a word from him, this medium floated over our heads, begging the uplifting powers not to let her fall, and responding to our questions with some trepidation while being thus wafted along the ceiling, sketching thereon with pencil marks the geography of her aerial voyage.

The medium was now replaced in her chair, in the center of the room, complaining of no bodily injury but a terrible "scare," which, however, subsided as soon as the light was introduced.

The ceiling was now examined, and found to be pretty well covered with pencil marks. The pencil I gave Mrs. Hollis was worn to the wood, with lime dust covering the shoulder of it, and lime dust also found on the hand of the medium, and on the dress sleeve of her right arm.

The utmost limit of time allowable to Mrs. Hollis's second visit to Cincinnati had now been reached, and on the following day she returned to her home, her family, and her friends in Louisville, Kentucky.

I will now ask the reader a question or two before taking leave of this interesting subject. The phenomena I have attempted faithfully to record have a more than common interest to mankind. Several questions arise spontaneously in the mind after looking over the whole subject, and they will demand of every man an answer until his soul shall be satisfied with the integrity of his replies. If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion than to admit the existence of a spirit-world, and its propinquity to this; and that death simply liberates the spirit from its "ball of clay," and opens the flowery portal through which it passes into the more beautiful world? If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion from the testimony presented, than that our spirit-friends have succeeded in repassing the borders of death, to assure us of the continuance of life, and that the relationship of the two worlds are as intimately maintained as substance and shadow?

If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion than that the popular conception of death and hell, and the judgment is a lie that encrusts

the soul with fear, and engenders hate instead of love in the hearts of the great family of man?

If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion than that to assume a special right to admit or reject souls to their divinely born heritage, is an assumption, an arrogance in sect or creed, that may frighten the sick children of the race, but which will be scornfully rejected and condemned by right-thinking and truth-loving souls?

"If the foregoing statements are true, of what service will they be to the world?" I asked Marshal Ney, the spirit, this question, and he wrote on paper the following response, with which I will conclude.

"MY FRIENDS:—Time writes his mark on all things. We change by a wise and beautiful ordination. Earth would cloy us were it eternal. The spring time of our existence is a gladsome time, but who would not enjoy the summer glory of life? You ask me what good Spiritualism can do? You need no information on the subject. I will make answer to those who do. I say it takes away the dark veil that has so long been over your earth. To know yourself immortal is more than all else, it gives the assurance that your friends still live. Why should you reject a doctrine that tells you that your friends still take an interest in you? They love with the same love. It takes away all dread of death! It has carried all the thorns and thistles out of the dark valley your preachers so often tell you of. It has brought all your friends near you—in fact, it has brought all good and no evil. The lessons it has taught you have been of the purest moral character. To me it seems strange that it should be neglected by even a pagan.

"I am your friend, MICHAEL NEY.

"Marshal of France, May 19, 1819, Duke of Eichingen, Prince of the Moskowa."

Cincinnati, Ohio, June, 1872.

FUNERAL AT CASTLEMAINE.

MRS. GRUBB, nominally a member of the Church of England, but who has recently shown a preference for the more liberal ideas expounded by Mr. Leech, died at Castlemaine last month; and, having refused to see a clergyman during her illness, the Archdeacon refused to bury her. Under these circumstances the duty devolved upon the Universalists, and was conducted after the form adopted by Spiritualists. A correspondent sends us an account of the ceremony as follows:—

The body was carried down in the hearse, and followed in the usual style by many vehicles to the cemetery at Campbell's Creek, where many of the Universalist members, including several ladies belonging to the choir, met it at the entrance gates, Mr. Leech, who kindly conducted the service, walking in front of the coffin until it reached the grave made for its reception. The coffin was placed on tressils close to it, and a handsome bouquet of flowers laid upon the top. The choir, members, and the deceased's friends, forming a circle round. Mr. Leech gave out the 13th hymn in the collection—"Far from those narrow scenes of night." Mr. Leech then read from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, commencing at the 35th verse; he then offered a most beautiful prayer for the welfare and blessing of those beloved ones left behind—her husband and children; after that the 32nd hymn was sung as was the former one by the choir ("Death is the fading of a cloud,") many joining in. A benediction being pronounced by Mr. Leech the coffin was lowered to its resting place, and the friends showered down upon it quantities of beautiful flowers, a basketfull being provided by one of the members, and it was handed round to all who choose to avail themselves of showing a parting mark of love and respect for the departed one.

This is the first event of the kind occurring since the Universalist body has been in existence. One marked feature at the attendance was the entire absence of the usual habiliments of mourning amongst those of the friends who are avowed Spiritualists: even the ladies possessed the moral courage to run counter to the prevailing fashion of dressing in black; the gentlemen wearing their hats during the whole service.

MANIFESTATIONS AT SANDHURST.

THE spirit circle at Sandhurst continues to meet now twice in every week. Its spirit guides are evidently present with it, as the accounts we have received from the Chairman will shew. "The singular class of phenomena through the mediumship of the young girl I mentioned in my last, still continues with her. Some five pounds in one pound notes, and about 19s. 6d. in silver and coppers have been received, principally while sitting in the circle. The notes all came in the circle. Three pounds was taken out of her father's desk by the invisibles, and two picked up, one in Melbourne, and one in the Camp Reserve. One of these was given by order of the spirits to an aged lady, and the other retained for further orders. The other three, of course, were returned to their owner; small articles of clothing from the medium's house have been repeatedly brought to the circle since then. On Tuesday last, the night being clear and starry, the circle having met as usual, the doors and windows being locked and bolted, and the medium thoroughly searched by two ladies, she was controlled by a spirit calling herself "Estelle Livermore," who brought into the circle from the house of the medium, half a mile distant, a ladies' work-box full of nic nacs, and all in their places undisturbed. The child on coming out of the trance state manifested great joy at the sight of the box, and the circle also were much pleased, because it proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the genuine character of the phenomena. The circle sat, under strict test conditions. The spirits tell us that they bring these things to convince people that they live and can communicate with mortals. They say too as our mediums become developed, they will bring much larger articles, and give us still more convincing tests of their presence. We intend to trust them and persevere in the face of the sneers of those who, while believing in dead evidence of things which were said to have occurred many centuries ago, reject the living evidence of those who, in testifying, have no object to serve, but the advancement of truth. There is no accounting for tastes. Nine persons, says the New Testament, were present and saw Jesus taken up into Heaven (why not before all Jerusalem), and nine persons were present in the circle when the box came. I can supply you with the names of the nine respectable persons who were present and witnessed the miracle. But who and what were the nine who saw Christ taken up into Heaven? If the one class of evidence is to be rejected, upon what principle is the other to be received? On Friday evening in the presence of eleven persons, one of the mediums, Mr. Druse, was controlled by a spirit, who had not previously visited the circle. I asked him his name, and he, through the medium, wrote—"My name is Alfred Longmore, aged 35 years; died fifteen years ago, at a place called Brompton, London." His writing was in a bold, clear hand, and quite foreign to the medium's own handwriting. The medium, I may state, was perfectly unconscious and wrote with his eyes shut. The spirit then said, "Have Prayer," which we did. He then wrote:—"I will come again shortly; I am here to-night in place of another. I shall have this medium under proper control on my next visit, and will show you much. I must leave friends: Good Night." The reference to the spirit being "here in the place of another" evidently referred to a spirit who controlled the medium previously that night and through whom very beautiful spirit lights were seen. We have also a writing medium through whom these lights come, and who bids fair to become a powerful medium. I send you this account of the visit of "Alfred Longmore" to our circle with a view of finding out per the English "Medium" whether such a person was ever known at Brompton. Neither Mr. Druse nor any in our circle ever knew him, so we have no other means of testing the truth of the communication. We shall, therefore, look forward with considerable interest to the enquiries which we ask some of our English friends to institute as to the identity of our unknown spirit visitor. Our circle meetings have now become deeply interesting; and I would say to all who wish to honestly investigate the truths of Spiritualism:—"Go Thou and do likewise." 19 October, 1872.

I make no apology for troubling your readers with a second edition. Since writing to our friend the "Harbinger" on Saturday, I am happy to inform you that our circle has had very fine manifestations of a physical character. In my last, I neglected to say that we lately had sittings on Sunday evenings as well as on Tuesdays and Fridays. We found it necessary to separate the media into three branch circles, so as to develop them more rapidly and in accordance with their mediumistic powers. This plan has produced the very best results. Our Sunday evening sittings are held at the house of friend Martell. Last evening, we held a sitting as usual there being nine persons present; four ladies, and five gentlemen. After reading an extract from "Clarke's Plain Guide to Spiritualism," and engaging in prayer and praise, our medium, friend Druse was gently controlled by our new spirit friend "Alfred Longmore," who, on my informing him that I had sent his statement to the "Harbinger" with a view of finding out whether he could be traced, replied, "correct;" and then he wrote in a large, clear hand (the medium's eyes being shut):—"You may not have an answer from the Medium (in England) for two years; but wait and you will. A. L. 20th October, 1872, or 20th October, 5876." This is exactly as it came. He then wrote:—"Friends, you are well harmonised to-night. I can show much and will. I have only just controlled this medium. Charles Wright (the spirit that formerly controlled the medium) is not so powerful as I am, because I have been longer in the spirit-world than him. That is the reason why he gave the medium to me. You shall have as good manifestations as the Fox's if you have patience."

ALFRED LONGMORE."

An elderly lady member of the circle then said, "I feel a delicious perfume close to me and something has just touched my hand." We struck a light and there sure enough was a red rose touching her hand; all hands being on the table at the time. The spirit immediately wrote:—"I brought it, A.L." It will be remembered by your readers that this lady had been promised a flower some months ago. The light was again put out and in a minute or two relighted, on which we found the medium seated in his chair minus his coat, and with his hands behind his back crossed, and bound in a most extraordinary manner with a white pocket handkerchief. The knot was tied at both sides of the wrist, and so tight that the veins seemed ready to burst, the medium all the time being in a deep trance. The whole circle carefully and minutely examined the knot, but could find no way of untying it, and the tightness was so apparent, that it was painful to witness. I then asked the spirit to untie the knot, and put out the light. In about nine seconds we relighted, and found the medium with his coat on and one hand leisurely placed upon each knee. These are facts to which the whole circle are ready to take their solemn oath in attestation of. The manifestation created in the circle a feeling of profound awe. No words of mine can convey to your readers a really proper representation of it; but those who witnessed it will, I feel certain, never forget it as long as they live. That it was done by an invisible; spirit I have no more doubt than I have that the sun shines and our spirit friend wrote, "I shall attend on next Sunday night and bring you more and larger manifestations. Good-night, A.L." So it seems but a drop in the bucket to what is coming. Let this be an example to all investigators to persevere and judge for themselves.

THE CHAIRMAN.

21st October, 1872.

MR. J. M. PEEBLES AND DR. DUNN.

WE have great pleasure in announcing the arrival in Melbourne of the above gentlemen by the S.S. Hero, on Tuesday last. A deputation of Spiritualists went on board to receive and welcome them. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that it is the intention of the Spiritualists and friends to give them a public welcome at the Masonic Hall to-night which we trust will be well attended. Mr. Peebles first public lecture takes place at the Temperance Hall on Monday next.

"THE LAST GOOD THING;"

Or, the Teachings of the Magnetic School Examined; being an Outline of a Lecture delivered in the Maconic Hall, Melbourne, on Sunday evening, Oct. 20, 1872; by J. Tyerman.

"Come, sit and let us REASON together saith the Lord."

The lecturer stated that there was a Magnetic School in Melbourne, consisting of a medium and some eight or ten members. It was formerly a circle of Spiritualists, and enquirers into Spiritualism; but a change had come over the scene. The medium was said to be dead, the leading member of the circle having gravely told him that he saw her die. Her body, however, was not yet buried; it still breathed, and talked, and moved about—a marvellous phenomenon, truly. The explanation was—that a spirit from the sun—a warm region to inhabit—had taken possession of her body; he presumed the better to instruct the docile pupils of the school. They had ceased to be Spiritualists, the ordinary phenomena being too vulgar for their refined tastes, and the class of spirits that generally communicate, too low for their advanced minds—nothing lower than the "Infinite Father" would satisfy them. Certain doctrines, which startled some that heard them, had been developed in that school. But they were only old errors in a new garb, and furnished no real ground of alarm, except for the wellbeing of those who embraced them. Their friend, Mr. James Smith, was the exponent of those views. He was not animated by the least degree of personal feeling against him, or any of those associated with him, in criticising their teachings. He regretted, however, that in vindicating his present opinions, Mr. Smith had denied his former connection with Spiritualism, in the face of so many facts to the contrary; but he appeared to have a peculiar method of reconciling his past and present views and conduct, and it was not for others to sit in judgment upon him. The lecturer would now leave Mr. Smith, for whom he still entertained a sincere respect, out of sight, and deal only with what he had advanced as truth. His lectures and letters were fair subjects of criticism. They contained some fine truths well expressed, but they also appeared to him to involve principles, not only false, but of very pernicious tendency. He criticised some of the teachings of the Magnetic School on the two-fold ground—first, that they tended to subvert some of the very first principles of Spiritualism; and secondly, that they were fraught with dangerous consequences to individuals and society if they were ever generally entertained; and he would not do his duty to society, nor manifest his loyalty to the glorious movement he was identified with, if he did not raise a warning voice, and point out the character and tendency of the false principles alluded to. He did not, however, do that in an authoritative spirit. Spiritualists had no creed, as the term was generally understood, and he trusted never would have; but there were a few great principles upon which all progressive Spiritualists agreed, and it was their duty to expose and resist whatever tended to overthrow these. The first thing that struck him in looking at their teachings was the *utter absence of evidence or argument in their favour*. Society had a right to know on what authority a new and startling announcement rested. The heavier the tax it imposed on man's belief, the clearer and stronger its evidences ought to be. A new doctrine might command attention on one of four grounds. It might be self-evidently true; or be capable of ocular demonstration; or rest on certain alleged facts; or on a chain of arguments, more or less weighty and conclusive. Were the teachings of the Magnetic School self-evidently true, or capable of demonstration? Were they supported by an appeal to logical arguments, or to facts that could be tested?—No. Founders of religious systems in the past had appealed to facts, as Moses, Jesus, the Apostles, Mahomet and others. Spiritualism also was based on demonstrable facts, as well as reasonable arguments. The doctrine that the world was going to be destroyed by a "wave of magnetic fire," and that all those who had not benefitted by "a succession of incarnations," through which they were said to have passed, nor "accepted the offer of the Father's love" in a given manner, were to be "annihilated," must have a better

foundation than the mere *ipse dixit* of a single medium, or spirits passing through her, before thinking man would accept it. Secondly, they *ignored reason*, the noblest attribute of man's nature, and the only reliable guide of his life. It had ever been the policy of men of a certain order to decry reason as "capitular" and "dangerous." Those who believed that they heard the voice of God, and got communications direct from Him, could not consistently subject them to the test of finite reason. But who should dare to say that they were specially favoured with a knowledge of God's will and purposes? It was through his reason that the Creator instructed his creature man. It was by its bold and unfettered operation that sciences had been developed, arts extended, and social ameliorations effected; and was religion the only domain from which it should be excluded? Every doctrine should be subjected to its most rigorous tests, for truth came through imperfect channels, and was very liable to be corrupted. For man to abandon his reason under the impression that he was under the guidance of an infallible power, was to place himself in the position of a ship without a rudder, and become the sport of capricious winds and dangerous waves. Thirdly, they *discouraged individual effort* by insisting on man's *utter helplessness*. That was only a part of gloomy Calvinism in disguise. Poor humanity had been too long traduced, and prevented from putting forth the powers it possessed. Its "impotence, ignorance, helplessness, and dependence" had been impressed upon it so long from the pulpit that they could not wonder at so few making manly efforts to raise themselves. There was no evading the logical result of the preaching up of man's inability to do any good thing of himself, which was to throw the responsibility of his lot on his Maker. It was pitiable to see men of once liberal views going back to those pernicious doctrines of an irrational and heartless theology. The old adage was still true, that God helped those who helped themselves. Instead of reviving, in the garb of religious liberalism, the debasing doctrine of man's helplessness, they would do infinitely more good by trying to develop the latent powers and glorious possibilities of his God-given nature, and that could be done without fostering a spirit of insolent self-sufficiency. Fourthly, they *taught humility and obedience on a principle very liable to be abused, and lead to unhappy consequences*. All ought to be as "little children" in simplicity, in innocence, in openness to conviction, and in freedom from the unreasoning bias that often swayed adults; but something more and worse than that was meant by many who wished to make men children. They must be like children in accepting everything in blind unquestioning trust, which their self-appointed teachers set before them; and instead of becoming free-minded, self-reliant, progressive men, they become religious slaves. The Catholic Church had ever assumed a paternal character and functions. As children their "ghostly fathers" made them believe, and did with them what they chose. To doubt, reason upon, or reject anything their spiritual teachers advanced was to incur their high displeasure, and risk a glorious heaven. And, practically, there was but little difference between the menchildren of the Catholic Church and the pupils of the Magnetic School. The childhood of humanity must be outgrown. It was high time it began to cultivate and develop all the powers of full-grown manhood. Fifthly, they opened a door for all manner of *vagaries and false teaching, under the belief that they were impressed and instructed by God himself*. That was the root of much of the persecution and fanaticism that had stained the past. Patriarch Fisher, and Prophet Stephens of the present, justified their extravagancies on the same ground. In view of the errors and evils which had sprung from a belief that certain men were specially taught by "the Father," much caution and reason ought to be exercised in receiving anything professing to come from that source. God could only teach us by intermediate agencies; and any of those that claimed infallibility should be instantly rejected, for danger always accompanied them, and disaster generally followed in their wake. Sixthly, they *predicted a physical catastrophe that was not likely to come to pass*. "A wave of magnetic fire" was rolling up, and going to sweep everything before it. That was but the old story of the

end of the world, and need cause no alarm. Jesus and Paul predicted that that terrible event would take place before their generation had passed away; but they were eighteen centuries wrong. The stars had not fallen, nor the moon been darkened, nor the world burnt up, nor the Judgment seat erected, nor the righteous and wicked separated for ever. And as time had falsified the predictions of the ancient alarmists, so would it those of our modern prophets. God was not like a blundering mechanic, liable to smash the work of his hands in a fit of rage, because it did not answer his expectations. There was no fear of his wreaking his vengeance on this beautiful world, which we could not but believe was fulfilling its intended mission as part of his works, without impeaching his infinite perfections. Seventhly, they pronounced a doom for a large portion of the human family, which it was utterly inconsistent with the wisdom and goodness of God to suppose would ever be inflicted. The old dismal figure of "annihilation" was the latest novelty of the Magnetic School. A few weeks ago, re-incarnation was the inviting prospect held out for all the "disobedient." And for what were the great bulk of mankind to be annihilated? Just because they had not heard and obeyed the "voice of the Father," as a few of his children understood it. Plainly and logically put, God was going to destroy most of his children, because he had not spoken loudly enough to make them hear, or plainly enough to make them understand, or authoritatively enough to make them obey His fatherly will. What a reflection on the character of God! Call such a being Father? Rather let him be branded as a fiend! No, no. The God of the universe was neither going to annihilate his children by fire on earth, nor punish them for ever in fire in hell. It was blasphemy to teach such doctrines, whether in or out of the church. Immortality was the birthright of all men, progression the law of their being, and consummate purity and happiness the destiny that awaited them.

PROFESSOR MAPES'S EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

THE American papers, when announcing the death, some time since, of Professor James J. Mapes, "the model farmer," spoke in the most eulogistic terms of his great genius and high literary and scientific attainments. He was a permanent member of the New York Lyceum, honorary member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, the Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and the Geographical Society of Paris; and one of our state universities conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D.

"As a farmer Professor Mapes has given hundreds of useful discoveries to the world. The subsoil plough and the rotatory digger and spade, now in such common use, are his inventions, while his advice was sought and accepted in regard to chemical manures all over the country. He organised the Franklin Institute at Newark, and became its first lecturer; and so early as 1844 he was President of the Mechanic's Institute at New York.

"Professor Mapes was one of the most agreeable of men, possessing great geniality and no small share of wit and humour, and was gifted with an extraordinary flow of language," &c. &c.

Such is one among many complimentary notices of Professor Mapes which appeared in the American journals soon after his death; but we have sought in vain to find any mention of his being an advanced and confirmed believer in Spiritualism. This fact, however, is furnished in Mr. B. Coleman's *American Spiritualism*, from which excellent book we make the following extract:—

"On the first day of our acquaintance, Judge Edmonds did me the favor of introducing me to his friend, Professor James J. Mapes, who, as a chemist, holds a leading position in the scientific world both in America and Europe. He is a man of varied attainments, possessing a brilliant intellect, and extraordinary conversational powers. He has mastered, after most careful study and examination, the philosophy of Spiritualism, and would help, were he to publicly identify himself with the subject, almost more than any other man, to inculcate and spread its truth and doctrines.

"Professor Mapes' history in connection with Spiritualism teaches an instructive lesson, and answers in itself two of the most prominent questions which have been put by its opponents in this country; namely—If Spiritualism be without deception, how is it that no man eminent in science has ventured to investigate its claims and expound its philosophy? And, admitting the reality of the phenomena—*Cui bono?* Well, the answer is that Professor Mapes, of New York, like his compeer, the late Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, a man of science, undertook the investigation several years ago, with an entire disbelief in its reality, and a determination to expose 'the delusion'; and, like Dr. Hare, he was driven step by step from his original position, ultimately converted to a full belief in spirit intercourse, and, as a consequence, to a belief in a life hereafter, which he had previously denied. Can men, in the face of such facts, consistently go on asking what is the good of it; and asserting that if it is really true, it must be all of the devil?

"The Professor is largely engaged in agriculture, and has a farm at Newark, New York, where his family reside; while his professional pursuits oblige him to remain a great portion of his time in New York. He was (as he told me), a materialist, up to the age of forty-five, and in the early state of the modern manifestations, now thirteen years ago, he set to work earnestly to investigate Spiritualism, without saying a word on the subject to his family. Shortly after, he discovered that one of his daughters was also engaged in a somewhat similar way. She had in fact become a writing medium, without knowing it. On one of his usual weekly visits to his family, this daughter said, 'Father, I want to show you something very curious. Don't laugh at me, here are pages, that from time to time I have been influenced to write, without my will or my mind being engaged in the work. It has been going on for weeks, and I should not have named it now, but that I saw in the *Tribune* newspaper yesterday, that others had been similarly influenced; and it is said to be the work of spirits. I want to know the meaning of it.' Curious to obtain evidence from such a source, though anxious to avoid explanation and encouragement, the Professor asked her to take a pen and let him see what she meant. Her hand was moved excitedly, and she at once rapidly dashed off a long message purporting to be from the spirit of his father. The Professor said, 'If there is any meaning in this I should like, if possible, to have some proof of identity.' Miss Mapes' hand again wrote, 'You may recollect that I gave you, among other books, an Encyclopedia; look at page 120 of that book, and you will find my name written there, which you have never seen.' The book alluded to was with others in a box at the warehouse in town. On his arrival in town, Professor Mapes opened the case which had been fastened up for twenty-seven years, and there, to his great astonishment, he found as described, his father's name written on the identical page 120.

"This incident awakened a new interest in him, and he accordingly determined to conduct a serious investigation, and at once secured the services of Mrs. Brown, the eldest daughter in the Fox family—a well-known and very reliable medium of great power. His next step was to obtain a party of friends to join him, which was, however a very difficult task. He first invited his son-in-law, Mr. Dodge, a member of the Senate, who laughed at the request, said it was too absurd, and hoped the Professor was not going to sacrifice his time and his fame to such a delusion. And in this way he was met by others, until at length making it a personal favour and to oblige him, he got a party of ten together; having, as he said, purposely selected one half of *positive* minds who would believe in nothing, and the other half of *negative* minds who might be induced to believe in anything. They agreed to meet every Monday evening for twenty sittings, and up to the nineteenth evening they had not elicited anything sufficiently satisfactory to carry conviction, or to be worth recording; but on the twentieth evening some very curious and striking phenomena were displayed. The spirits who purported to be present gave peculiar names, such as Pierre Wilding, Deliverance, &c., insisting, against the belief of

those present, that they were their ancestors, and indicating in the most definite manner their relationship. Upon subsequent inquiry, each of these statements were verified, and a previously hidden page of family history being thus unexpectedly revealed, it excited a natural interest in the minds of all to continue their sittings, which Professor Mapes assured me were prolonged uninterruptedly for FIVE YEARS, during which every conceivable test was applied, *resulting at length in the entire conversion of the whole party.*

"At that period, Spiritualism was spreading in America in all directions. Mediums were developed in numerous families, and daily the press announced, on the testimony of more or less reliable witnesses, the most marvellous accounts of new manifestations of spirit-power. Professor Mapes having become satisfied that a great truth lay at the root of it, though mixed up as he thought, with fanaticism and some charlatanism, determined to see everything for himself; and wherever he heard of new wonders, he packed up his portmanteau, and without regard to time or expense, started off to make a personal investigation. In this way he visited, among many others, the Davenport Boys at Buffalo, and the spirit-room of Jonathan Koons, situated in the mountains of Ohio; and he fully corroborated the extraordinary statements made respecting them.

"Whilst Professor Mapes continued his own investigation, he felt it necessary, from its all-engrossing character, to restrain his daughter from pursuing her mediumship, fearing that her health, which was delicate, would suffer, though he said some of her writing was brilliant and powerful, and much beyond her natural capacity. An arrangement was accordingly made for her to visit some friends, with a view of weaning her from the fascination which occupied so much of her time. Mrs. Mapes was at this period altogether opposed to the whole subject, and unacquainted with the fact that her husband was so deeply interested in it, said to him one day, 'I am very much distressed to think our daughter Sophy should deceive us; I have written a strong reproof to her, as I feel sure it is most improper conduct.' Professor Mapes dissuaded his wife from sending the letter, telling her he had his motives for wishing her to delay doing so. In a short time after Mrs. Mapes herself was impelled one day to write, and became at once developed as a writing medium. Fascinated with this new power, she continued day by day almost exclusively occupied with her writing, until at length Professor Mapes felt it necessary to interfere, and said—'Wife, you and I have been married thirty years, and I have never before interfered with your personal liberty, but now I have seriously to request that you will not, at least for the present, give any more time to these influences, and that you will consent to destroy all you have written.' With many protests Mrs. Mapes at length consented, and tearing the leaves from a large manuscript volume, she consigned them page by page to the flames—the understanding being that she would not put her hand to paper for twelve-months to come.

"Months having passed, and the tendency to yield to the influence having been effectually repressed, her husband and family were surprised one day by her making preparations for drawing, and declaring that she believed she could copy plants and flowers. They smiled at this announcement; they were incredulous, as she had never been instructed, and had never shown the least talent for the art. She went, however, into the garden, plucked an apple blossom, and sat down to copy it. In a few minutes she made, greatly to the surprise of all around her, a most excellent copy of this very delicate flower, and thus spiritually influenced, she commenced a series of colored drawings, which, as they proceeded, increased in beauty, and have now become most perfect specimens of the art.

"On referring to the day of their compact, Professor Mapes found the drawing had commenced exactly twelve months to the day on which Mrs. Mapes had promised him not to write any more. The Professor has not attempted to interfere with this development; on the contrary, he appears to encourage it, and is highly interested in her progress; and has a portion of each day devoted

to drawing and painting. And as they do not part with many, a large accumulation has taken place, comprising now a great number of very interesting volumes. These drawings, which are produced with great rapidity, unlike most mediumistic productions, are of natural fruits, flowers, and birds, and this extraordinary fact attaches to the birds, that each bird, without study or any knowledge of the natural history of the subject, on the part of Mrs. Mapes, is placed in the accustomed associations of tree or plant on which it builds or feeds.

"I am indebted to Mrs. Mapes for two specimens of her work, which she kindly presented to me, and which have created the greatest admiration in all to whom I have shown them; one is an Iris, and the other a collection of American autumnal leaves. They are both pronounced by connoisseurs to be works of high art, and the marvellous fact remains to be told, that both paintings were commenced and finished in little more than one hour. No artist, I believe, could copy them in less than two days."

"During the last conversation I had with him Professor Mapes summed up his argument for Spiritualism thus—'If, after making every allowance for the incongruities, false theories, fanaticism, and the common errors attached to Spiritualism only ten per cent. of the whole should prove pure and impregnable, it is still as sound a science as chemistry was at the beginning of this century, which has thrown aside ninety per cent. of the teachings then received as truths.'"

PRESIDENT'S ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SUNDAY EVENING FREE DISCUSSION ASSOCIATION ON THE 20TH OCTOBER, 1872.

THIS evening the Sunday Free Discussion Association completes the second year of its existence, and we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon its continued success. Our financial position is satisfactory. All accounts are paid up to date, and we have sufficient funds in hand to meet the expenditure for next quarter. This circumstance, combined with the numbers and respectability of those who habitually attend our meetings, sufficiently evidence that the association supplies a real want. The pugilism of mere wordy disputations would soon drive away people of taste and sincere truth-seekers. That the contrary is the case goes far to prove the average good quality of our literature, the rationality of our moral sentiments, and the general good temper with which we "agree to differ." We have had papers read to us during the past year which would be worthy of any hall or any assembly, and have had religious, social, and political questions discussed in a manner, and by a class of speakers, showing that there is an intelligence becoming popular considerably in advance of our present popular representation. There would not be sufficient time to support this opinion by enumerating, and condensely reviewing, the various papers read and discussed, but those who have been in the habit of attending here must feel satisfied upon that matter. The late committee have made several attempts to carry the operations of the society beyond its present limits; but the additional expenditure, which such a step would render necessary, has hitherto stopped action in any new direction. The matter is not to be lost sight of, and in the course of next year efforts may be made to have Sunday evening discussions in some of the suburbs. Free Thought is all-important to progress, and I do not think that any platform is so calculated to propagate and cultivate Free Thought as that of a well-conducted discussion society. A person is apt to be dogmatic and dictatorial in proportion to the strength of his convictions, and a dispassionate discussion, while showing how much, not previously thought of, may be said on both sides of a question, will cultivate caution and toleration. Dogmatism, and impatience of contradiction, are not always the results of mere bigotry and prejudice. When, after mature consideration, a conviction is arrived at, the reasons and arguments used in settling opinion are dismissed, and the opinion itself is stored among the intuitions which form the basis of future reasoning; just as a proposition in Euclid, once demonstrated, is accepted as a matter of

fact to be used in solving other problems. The knowledge and mental experience acquired in this process ought to be made of service to a fellow truth-seeker when beset by the same or similar difficulties; but we have such a disinclination to go again drudgingly over the same ground, either to assist others or to review our own position, that conservatism, dogmatism, and impatience of contradiction, are apt to be natural results. How few are fit to have the charge of teaching children, on account of this very defect? When we are discussing any point within our own minds, or with another bent in the same direction, the love of truth, and the desire to know, may operate with fairness and freedom from intolerance, because there is no provocative to the contrary; but it is a matter of great difficulty to give impartial consideration to thoughts within ourselves, much less to arguments presented by others, when they are calculated to upset preconceived ideas. The imprudence of being dogmatic (as if our present convictions could, even to ourselves, be a final settlement of any question), is frequently illustrated in those who are given to speak on impulse. An idea strikes one with an amount of lucidity which appears irresistible, it is insisted upon with a proportionate amount of self-assertion and confidence, and after all but little argument may be required to make the notion appear perhaps ridiculous. The caution this teaches is necessary to be observed with regard to all opinions, however carefully arrived at. Positivism of any description appears to me to be irreconcilable with freedom of Thought, since to be truly positive is to be final. Positivism may be so far free that it does not insist upon a belief without supplying the reasons which make the belief for the time being imperative; but the positivism which makes the conclusion of any demonstration absolutely final creates intolerance. We may lay down certain rules as the best known method of true reasoning; we may feel bound to accept certain principles and definitions as axiomatic, self-evident truths, since we are incapable of conceiving of anything to the contrary; we are obliged to receive as matter of fact that amount of common experience which science accepts as the basis of its measurements and speculations; but how far these may be positively final, it would be impossible to say. We cannot have positive conceptions of total nature, or of God, since a finite mind cannot grasp Infinity. Nor can we have positive conceptions of any part of Nature if we believe that every part is affected by relations as infinite as the totality of nature. It would require "a Genius equal to the Majesty of Nature" to comprehend, in all its bearings and importance, the smallest idea or particle. That Nature cannot lie, may imply a positive truth, but it is impossible for finite man positively to declare what Nature does, or does not, say. To say that we eat, sleep, die, and so on, are not the facts themselves, but terms which refer to facts, about which we know very little positive besides. *Grass grows* is a term, but what naturalist can tell even a little of that which is involved in the general fact to which that term refers? The dogmatism of a scientific school is difficult to be overcome, after one may be freed from the dogmatism of a theology. A scientific theory is made to account, more or less satisfactory, for certain known facts. So far it has a claim on human reason; but, being once accepted, the tendency is not to discuss a new theory which may be presented, but to defend the old. Thus even progressive science meets the strongest opposition from an existing scientific finality party, whose "thus saith science," is similar to the orthodox "thus saith the Lord." In political and social science a similar tendency prevails, and reform has to struggle against theoretic and practical conservatism. It appears to me, then, that the members of a Free Discussion Society, to be in character with the name, ought to be free from dogmatism, intolerance, and impatience of contradiction, and not to feel positively final about any opinion, however strong may be their convictions. We are such intellectual pigmies, compared with the vastness of Nature, that if we may feel positive about anything, it is that all our beliefs and speculations do contain error, be it more, be it less. In discussing any point the matter is reduced, not to what may be absolutely true or false,

but to what is most likely to be true according to our present knowledge of facts and first principles, and our present method of reasoning from them. Thus we children of earth wander through mazes of error; individually performing "such tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep;" but, collectively, I cannot see any other means whereby rationally to attain to intellectual development and social order. To follow impressions only is the law of a nature beneath the scale of reason, and the ant, the bee, and the beaver obey this law with uniform, unprogressive, irrational exactitude. Whenever reason begins to operate error comes in, and intellectual development commences. Different individuals are very differently impressed by one and the same cause. Motives, identical in nature, impress different individuals to very different ends. The same idea, or mental impulse, be it the inspiration of an angel, or the communication of a fellow man, in different minds must create very different effects, in proportion as vary the different interests at stake, the different organisms, and the association of ideas in the various minds. As given him birth by Nature man does not seem to have a moral sense of right and wrong any more than other animals. The lion slaughters the lamb, and man destroys and plunders his fellow, equally devoid of conscientious scruples. The first awakening of a conscience in man with regard to such matters is to surround the killing and plundering of his hostile fellow man with chivalrous and virtuous notions, studied as a science, and taught as part of religion. The lower animal is incapable of committing such moral wrong, and man seems incapable of discovering right, except by the perpetration of stupendous errors. His conscience, and therefore his impressions, vary with every phase of his existence. Society can only be cemented by laws as inviolable in their nature as are the laws of physical creation; and, as a knowledge of the physical laws is obtained by means of deep research and scientific experiments; so, a knowledge of social laws is obtained by a progressive social science, preceded and accompanied by social experiments. As a part of this process, man acquires notions of what is due to one's self and to society, and this forms the consciousness of right and wrong. If the conscience be truly informed, man's impressions will be in the right direction, and the contrary will be the case if the conscience be informed wrongly. Knowledge can only be progressive and cumulative. Creation itself has been, is, progressive and cumulative. Physical creation developed into order out of what man calls chaos. Intellectual knowledge is developing into system and order out of what to us seems chaos. Human sympathies and affections—religious and social—are progressively developing. Society develops out of chaos and confusion—a confusion getting "worse confounded" as social complications increase, and by this means man is "made perfect through suffering"—by our own "stripes we are healed." Physical nature and moral nature, physical and intellectual man, are developed by processes which are inherent in the nature of things, unavoidable and irresistible. These progressions go on indifferent to the necessary incidents of individual sacrifices—"Tis now a bubble burst, and now a world." In the inferior phases of social existence the spectacle is hideous and painful to witness—they are conscious sentient beings who suffer. Yet, however strongly impressed by our natural sympathies, or the voice of angels, how can the most philanthropic or religious ease the groans of humanity, without the knowledge of a social order which shall operate upon society as upon one individual—which shall cause self-interests, as a policy, to merge into the social? Let our hospitals and charitable institutions reply—monuments of good intentions—a disordered state of society and ignorance of the proper method to amend and cure it. The destruction of *Self*, as demanded of us by some, would be the extinction of life. *Self* has to be preserved, and elevated into a selfishness worked out unselfishly and without intending it—a progressive work which nature is working out in a manner which may well call forth the admiration of the student of social science, as the geologist, botanist, and ethnologist, wonder at the revelations which nature vouchsafes them of her operations in the physical, vegetable, and animal kingdoms.

Is God therefore angry with the selfishness, monopolies, poverty, crimes, diseases, impurities, and so on, which necessarily characterise an inferior period of social development? I cannot suppose anything so highly improbable.

"If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgin, or a Cataline?"

Science and philosophy teach us that all these apparent anomalies belong to a system of natural economy. If we are to reason at all, I think we are bound to accept as a foundational truth that God, or Nature, cannot commit or permit a wrong, and this axiom will necessarily direct us to enquire how the apparent anomalies which, in social phrase, we call wrong, must yet be necessary and right in the economy of Nature. This will lead us to form ideas more or less worthy of the Spirit of the Universe, infinitely above the malignant, impotent, disappointed tyrant in whose name prophets of evil preach destruction and wrath. There is an impetuosity in the human soul which, when fired by ambition and passion, would aspire to rush through space, and arbitrarily disport with the powers of Nature. In Alexander it would, if possible, scale the Heavens to conquer fresh worlds; in Napoleon it sought to subject peoples and thrones to the will of one ambitious tyrant. All may have experienced more or less of the sentiment, but very few have had the genius to disturb the world under its impulse. The imagination of the epic poet revels in them, and his own ambition and aspirations are transformed into impossible heroes and impossible deeds. The soul of the historian, if at all touched by the fire of genius, thrills within him, as if he himself were the hero of the "battles, sieges, fortunes," of which he is only the glowing narrator. The prophet of a barbaric religion, instead of being the peaceful emissary of a God of perpetual, ever-operating love—who cannot commit mistakes, and therefore has none to remedy—feels an ambition in being the harbinger of indefinite terror, of devastating power. He clothes his God with thunders, and arms him with lightnings. At his approach the earth trembles, and the souls of men sink within them and die for fear. All that is found of love and mercy in these barbarous religions is just sufficient to bribe adherents, and shelter hypocrisy. The powers of Nature, as interpreted by science, do not appear as the fitful manifestations of an arbitrary Deity. They still reveal the law to man, but not accompanied by the overpowering terrors of a Mount Sinai. The errors of society are now more numerous, perhaps, than ever; but philosophy reads them as symptoms of imperfect conditions, and the stimuli to progression, and not as a grand mistake which God himself cannot rectify but by almost total destruction. If any be impressed to "love his neighbour as himself," let him study the comprehensive laws within which self-love and social may be made the same. Love, however unselfish—an impression, however good, cannot be utilised for the benefit of man without knowledge. As Free-Thinkers we cannot act upon any impression without, rationally analyzing it, nor receive any doctrine as a "thus saith the Lord." We must reason upon it to find if we can rationally believe it. Our belief, of course, does not make a thing necessarily true, but what may be true as a matter of fact, cannot become truth to us until our reasons are satisfied. I think, however, we should be in error if we consider the enlightenment of the intellect alone to be all that is necessary to produce conviction. Something more seems to be necessary. Before a conviction is complete it requires the concurrence of the sentiments as well as of the understanding. It would appear indeed that the understanding is only necessary to supply conditions to the sentiments, in which reside all activity. The understanding, or intellect, is but the lamp which lights the sentiments, and without which they would be dark and uninformed. An affectional nature, without knowledge, becomes religious only—well-intentioned but blindly erratic; with knowledge, it becomes scientific and philosophic, as well as religious. Intellectual knowledge, without a due development of sentiment, is but a calculating machine. Mere emotion, is life without form—impulse without a determinate object; mere intellect, is exactitude in form and artistic motion admirable in its cold pulseless beauty but re-

quires the breath of life to make it human. A just combination of the two makes the completely sentient and intelligent man, loving and lovable. In discussion we frequently forget this dual nature, and we think of addressing the intellect only. If our desire be to conquer in argument, this method might be sufficient; but if we desire to produce full conviction we cannot ignore the sentiments. Religion in particular possess such a hold of the affections that in many cases minds have to be treated with great delicacy, and almost humoured into rational habits of thinking. It is to no good purpose to try and prove how absurd may be a person's orthodox beliefs. Many would prefer not to hear reason at all, than submit their religious feelings to what to them would be outrage. An argument may at once carry with it all the lucidity that is intellectually necessary, but it may require time and repetition to bring the sentiments into accord with the understanding. In many, perhaps most, instances this is never fully accomplished. Youthful training has so deeply affected minds, that although the intellect for years may have regulated thought and conduct, yet in situations of danger, or on death-bed, the impressions of youth awaken in all their energy and, in spite of reason, carry all before them. The mind seeks shelter in its primitive faith, whatever that may be, Pagan or Christian, or is wrecked in the whirlpools of despair. A deathbed conversion and a deathbed despair, instead of being warnings against free-thought and the rational doubt called scepticism, are terrible instances of the injuries done to our natures by tampering with the youthful mind, and reducing it to a state of slavery which its manhood may not be able to shake off, although earnestly and painfully striving for freedom. Take, for instance, a person whose mind has been poisoned by nursery tales of hobgoblins and apparitions. The adult may have reasoned himself out of all belief in the truth of such stories, and so long as he is untried, he may think that his intellect has gained the mastery over his emotions. But place him in a solitary situation at midnight "where ruined castles gray nod to the moon," under every circumstance calculated to arouse the memories of all the ghost stories, the whispered narration of which in the dim twilight used to make his blood run cold and his flesh creep, and reason may be powerless to subdue his superstitious fears. Of a free-thinker it is often said—"Yes! it is all very well while health lasts and the flame of life burns brightly."—"The fool in his heart saith 'there is no God'; but wait until the messenger of doom puts in his summons, and death stares him in the face, see what becomes of his free-thinking then!" Yes, truly! the anticipation is found correct in many instances—terrors submerge the soul in spite of of reason; but this is not a sign of truthful repentance, any more than nursery tales are proved to be true because the adult mind, under certain conditions and circumstances, is not able to resist their irrational influences. Mental freedom, upon which such mighty interest depends, must begin with early training, and it is a matter of hope for the future of this colony that a system of secular and compulsory education is about to be adopted by the State. If we wish to raise human ideas from Nature up to Nature's God, let us study and teach Nature's laws. If we wish to develop the *love of man*, let us teach the laws of our being, and of social economy; and when the affections are sufficiently cultivated, and sufficient intellectual knowledge accumulated and diffused, and when social order takes the place of class rule, then Man will naturally follow his impressions for good, not blindly, but as an intelligent and intelligible part of this individual-cum-social development.

"There is no darkness but ignorance—"

"Ignorance is the curse of God,"

"Knowledge, the wings wherewith we fly to Heaven—"

And it would be the impatient folly of madness, or the savagery of a demon, and not the wisdom of a God, which, with breath of flame, would arrest and destroy a noble work on account of the errors and mistakes which are the natural characteristics of human, individual, and social development.

The Sunday Free Discussion Association has done its duty with considerable success, and, in thanking you

for the kindness and courtesy with which you have supported me in my office for the last two years, I would again submit, that any notions of positive finality, dogmatism, intolerance, and impatience of contradiction, the want of consideration for the opinions and even the prejudices of others, more especially if they are the prejudices of earnest, sensitive, conscientious natures, stand in the way of mental freedom; and, however difficult it may be to act up to this standard, I think we ought to make the effort, and thereby become more efficient agents in promoting individual and social good.

VITALIC INDUCTION.

BY J. W. EVARTS.

TO THE AFFLICTED:—I am impressed to indite a few lines, not new, nor with any claim to originality, but pertinent, and important to those laboring under physical debility, chronic, malarious, or affective. As it is a known fact among Spiritualists, that there is a law latent in human life, the proper direction of which will not only preserve an equilibrium in life's vital currents, but will also restore lost vitality, I will not attempt to essay thereon; but admitting the fact, will lay down a few brief rules by which disease can be warded off, and vitality induced.

1st. Rid the body of all excretory impediments, as far as possible, by judicious and wholesome diet, bathing, and healthy exercise, by induced perspiration and respiration, and by regular, direct contact with the solar ray.

2nd. Rid the mind of depressing care, vexations, hatreds, jealousies, heartburnings; malevolence, and melancholy, by holy communion with the good, the true, and the beautiful, seen or unseen; by the inspiration of pure, fraternal love; by deep heart throes of sympathy for all human suffering; by unreserved forgiveness for all human offences, and by the sweet composure resultant from prayer to the Giver of all good.

3rd. Retire to rest at a seasonable hour, in a room of pure air, and invite around you the presence of your dear departed spirit friends, and solicit the influence of a spirit of strong magnetic healing power. Pray for, and become passive to, the purest inspirations.

4th. Lay upon the back, with limbs straightened, and hands by sides; inspire all that the lungs will comfortably contain, and hold the breath; work the fingers and toes briskly thirty seconds, the will directed to them, draw up the elbows and knees, and move them with force; thence the shoulders and hips, with will and vigor; thence the abdomen, in focalized motion; thence the lungs, and follow the nervous channels to the frontal brain; incline the head and respire. Rest a few moments and repeat the operation; then roll over on the right side, and go to sleep.

5th. On awakening in the morning, take the position on the back, and go through the induction process again, two or three times; then take the "forty morning drinks." After a good towel or plunge bath, with the surface rubbed to a glowing heat, dress, and before eating, exercise briskly, clean the teeth, scrape the tongue, and take a drink of pure cold water.

6th. Live temperately, avoid over indulgence in passion, induce gladness, joy, hopefulness, and extend the fraternal hand to everything human; ostracise nobody, proscribe nobody, breathe the inspiration of love to all; go through the process of vital induction daily, or whenever the powers of life are ebbing away, and new grace and beauty and strength will adorn the pathway of life.

By following the above rules, an incalculable amount of human suffering can be obviated, diseases can be warded off, and a joy attained, which the rounded symmetry of living forms alone can realize.

Born and reared in disease and suffering, from childhood through youth into manhood, with a body bruised by numerous accidents, but now with the plenitude of health, I give in my testimony of what the above process of induction has done for me, and what I believe it can do for others.

Centralia, Ill.

"THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.—WHERE IS OUR LITTLE PET?"

"Where are you, our little Pet? Do you lie all unconscious where we weeping let you down a few days ago. Or have you gone to the spirit-world? And what is a spirit-world? How can you live, feel, see, know, without that little casket the body? And if your spirit has flown, whither has it flown? How far away have you gone, little Pet? Do you know anything that is going on here below? And if so, how much are you permitted to know, and how do you know it? Do you see yourself, or do the angels tell you? Do you know how much we grieve for you, how many sad tears we shed, how we try to sing some of those home songs, in which your little voice used to mingle, and how we suddenly cease and all weep aloud? Do you see us when we go to visit your little grave, and do you hear us as we talk of planting the flowers, and placing the green sod, and erecting the little marble block there?"

"Are you happy, little Pet? You used to say that you would like to go to Heaven, but that you would jump down again and come back. Do you feel like jumping down now? You used to say you 'wanted to go to Heaven, but you did not want wings.' Have you got wings now, little Pet? But oh, how we miss you little Pet! You were the light and joy of our household, and we all feel very lonely without you! Yet if you are only cared for tenderly and are happy, we can wait. But we should like to more than believe. We should like to know. If we could only hear from you one clear, distinct Yes! to these various queries so often made, so there could be no mistake about it, it would be very consoling. But we know you cannot answer. The curtain between this and the future world is down, never to be lifted until each one makes his exit.

"The gates are not ajar," and if we are faithful here it will be well with us there, and we shall go and meet the good and the innocent—the dear ones gone before. Adieu then, little Pet! Ah! yes, we have said it many times before, but it comes back again upon us, and so we alternate

"Between the calming and the weeping."

Farewell, little Pet, for this side of Heaven. And how many like us have been afflicted! How many little coffins have been made! How many little graves have been dug, and how many sweet, pleasant homes have been darkened! But they have gone—sweet, beautiful and heavenly innocency. It must be well with them. Is it well with us? They will not return to us; shall we go to them?"

We find the above reflections and questionings in the columns of the Atchison (Kau.) *Champion*. They are from the heart of a sorrowing parent, whose soul is hungry for heavenly knowledge of the dead. Christian faith fails to answer these "questionings," and only differs from Atheism in the declared mysteries of a God through faith in his blood. Atheism says to this sorrowing soul, "Your little Pet is dead,—silent,—forever in the grave, with no more pain, grief, sorrow or joy. You can see the place where its little casket is laid in the dust. His little voice is silent for ever."

This conclusion the parent's soul rejects. The mystery of faith is equally unsatisfactory, as evinced by the "questionings." Spiritualism answers every question, solves the hidden mystery, and declares there is no death. We have stood just where these questions now stand. We inquired after four little pets and their mother. We inquired of the minister of God—"Say, man of God, where are our pets?"

He honestly and gravely answered, "There;" pointing with the finger to their graves.

"But what of them in the judgment?"

"The mother having been baptised, will be accepted of God; the little pets having never been baptised, will be damned."

"But, holy man of God, Jesus said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"True, sir; but these pets are not of the kingdom, for they were not committed to the Father's care through the holy offices of Mother Church."

"Well, then, holy man of God, Atheism is more merciful than you, and we trust that oblivion may wrap its dark mantle of forgetfulness around them all, and that the wife and mother, with our pets, may be silent forever, knowing not anything."

Later in life an angel came to us,—the wife and mother, and carried us up to the pearly gates that stood "ajar," and pointing through them, said: "Behold our little pets, sporting in the sunshine on the beautiful play-grounds in the Summerland."

And on reading a parent's "questionings," we thought we heard the little Pet answer, "I am up here, mamma, where flowers blossom all the year, and birds of paradise

sing me to sleep. I am not 'all unconscious' in the grave where (you) weeping let (me) down a few days ago. Only the tiny casket lies there. Mamma and papa, I am not there. Dear papa and mamma, I am up in the spirit-land, with the angels,—and Cousin Nellie, and Grandma, too, are here with me, and other little pets also. The spirit-world is a beautiful place, full of flowers and shady trees, green fields and singing birds. On many a tree the bough bends freighted with lucious fruit. Murmuring streams course their way through valleys fair—by mountain side now tumbling down a rocky steep, making merry for your pet. We live on fruit plucked from trees, or berries from bushes bending beneath their weight. With fingers fair and white we feel, and with eyes bright and blue, we see as when on earth they gazed on you,—all united in one little casket, far more beautiful than the one I left below. My spirit has flown, but not so far away,—just up here beneath the stars; and all the time when not studying, singing or playing, we are thinking of and visiting you, my ma. We know what you are doing there below. We are with your guardian spirits;—sometimes in your room;—again, they leave us in our happy homes while away on a mission of love to our old home. On returning, they tell us of all that is going on below; and we are permitted to know all that you do,—weeping and laughing with you in your joy and sorrow. Sometimes we see for ourselves; sometimes the angels tell us what we do not know; and what we know, is given us through our senses, just as with you. And oh! my mamma and papa, we know your grief, your joy, and those sad tears you shed, we have caught again and again; and when you come up here, you will find them crystalized gems in our home,—old mementoes from the shores of time. And when you sing, our souls are filled with glee as in chorus we rejoice. Sometimes we go with you to visit the little grave, and hear you talk of planting flowers above where the casket is laid; but, mamma, we had rather met you in the parlor where we played. Bring out the little shoe and cap, the whip and top, and other toys. Do not weep, mamma, but let us play with the shoe and cap, with the whip and top, as in former days. I am not in the grave, mamma. I am happy and full of joy, and only weep when you are sad. Do not weep at the grave, for your tears make me sad. Always when with you in the form, you wiped my tears away. Come, mamma, wipe my tears away once again, by smiling on your little Pet through your own. I would not have you cease your weeping, for tears are jewels worn in our crowns. I like Heaven, mamma. God and all the angels are good; they strive to teach me the better way; and often I come from the Summer-land in joy, to the old earth home,—not on the wings of a bird, but on the wings of love. And if you will sit in the mellow even tide, I will whisper loving words to your soul, so you will not miss your little Pet, and I will again be the light and joy of the old household home. Mamma, little Pet is cared for by loving angels; his every want is supplied. He knows no sorrow, save your own. Mamma and papa, will you leave the door 'ajar' and bid me come. You shall more than believe. You shall know that I am not dead, but live, and shall live for evermore. And, mamma, I can answer and I will tell you when: Do you remember one night the clock had just chimed nine; you opened the drawer and took up the little blue shoe, and bowed your head and wept, mamma;—and then again, you spun the top, and when it whirled all so swift, you cried aloud—'Do you see the top, little Pet?' And, mamma, when you stood by the little grave where my casket is laid, there bowing low on bended knee, you prayed for little Pet. I was with you, mamma, and kissed your cheek, and dried your tears. We can answer to your call in a thousand ways. The curtain is lifted and the 'gates are ajar' and all can come in; all can go out; all meet on the mutual land of our spirit home. We are not gone, but near you in innocence and joy. All is well with us; let it be well with you. We will return to you; you shall come to us."

Little Pet has solved the mystery of death, and lives for evermore. Don't take it to heart—remember the words of the Master:

"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alike for evermore. Amen."—Rev. i: 18.

Review.

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.*

A DRAMATIC POEM.

It is a significant sign of the stirring of thought among us when Mr. Robertson feels and responds to the public demand for literature, having for its object the spreading of Spiritualistic views. Lazarus of Bethany has a strong current of Swedenborgianism running through it, and has very effectively served to attract attention to the writings of one who wrote more for our age than his own, and whose inspirations will in the future exercise an influence over thinking minds correlative to that of Bacon, Newton, and Descartes.

The anonymous author (whom we will assume to be a man) of the work immediately under review, is evidently sincere in believing, as he says in his prologue, that—

"Earth's womb is ruptured.
Every day is gorged with such convulsions of established thought,
That Reason reels to see it."

He is unable to come to any conclusion more satisfactory to his reason than that—

"Time is a myth, Death a name, and Life a Dream;
History a burlesque, a game,
Played out by selfish and ambitious Kings,
As if Creation did exist itself,
And God was nowhere."

We sat down to read this book with a predisposition to like it, but we rose from its perusal with a feeling of disappointment. It is not only destitute of metrical harmony, but wanting in power, faulty in the language, and careless construction is apparent, in passages where particular care is usually looked for. For instance, the first act concludes in this way—

"Call upon God, on God, call upon God;
Call upon God to help thee, none else can."

Now, to say nothing of the construction of this passage—the skeleton of an idea which it contains seems to recognize the notion of a special Providence, a notion which is only entertained by a class of minds unable to rise out of the slavery and mental darkness in which a false theology has plunged them. To call upon God for help—that God "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," is an indolent attempt to ask *Him* to rectify the consequences of our own stupidity. We don't deny that prayer has a softening and beneficial influence upon those who worship their highest conceptions of God "in Spirit and in Truth." It is a necessity of our nature, and exceptions only prove the rule; but our author preaches the exploded fallacy of an angry God, and advocates hysterical appeals for *His* capricious interference in matters which *He* has endowed us with faculties to comprehend, direct, and modify for ourselves, in accordance with the teachings of reason, observation, and experience. The man who fails to see this truth, and is unable to feel the

"Throbbing arteries of law
In every pulse of Nature and of Man,"

is not a poet, whatever he may consider himself. For this beautiful world in which we are being educated is not a blunder, as our author supposes, but is in every possible sense perfect, physically and morally, absolutely perfect; and if it were otherwise the Creator would stand self-convicted of incompetence,—

"The struggling tides of life, that seem
In shiftless, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its predestined end."

We have hinted that the author of this book is not a poet, nor is he a Spiritualist, although he is on the high way to become one, and it may be taken for granted that if a man is not a Spiritualist he cannot be a poet. The evidence we could bring forward in support of this proposition is so overwhelming—connecting the poets of all ages from Job to Longfellow and Tennyson—that

instances in support of our assertion will occur to almost every one. From this point of view, therefore, it is at once apparent that the author of "This World and The Next" (the book we mean) has only recently directed his attention to that phase of mental development and quickened perception, known as modern Spiritualism, which has unfolded in the fulness of time, with the unfolding of man's knowledge of natural law, and only waits for the recognition of science to be clothed in the purple and fine linen it has so far been able to do without. Our author's references to Spiritualism are not unfriendly, but they proceed from a mind so dissatisfied with its own researches, and so impatient to know more, that we shall spare our readers quotations on a subject regarding which there is far too much blatant questioning, and far too little sincere and unprejudiced investigation.

One of the most disinterested and yet truest sayings of our author, at least within the two covers of this book, is contained in a defence of Spiritualism which he puts into the mouth of one of his *dramatis personæ* (if we may use a necessary syllepsis), the speaker being a spirit,—

"A spirit of the other world, I come
At thy request O Man: hear and reflect.
All other faiths are shrouded in dim clouds,
Tradition swathes them round with mystery
That science mocks, and reason must condemn.
This invites all science and philosophy
To rigidly investigate and probe.
This courts inquiry, and defies it too,
And so is published to the wondering world.
It is that unreality of the future
Which priests have painted as a thing far off,
A torturing hell—a distant day of judgment—
Whereby mankind have been deceived
And made like demons."—Act 3, Scene 1—Page 122.

This address may very fairly be selected as a specimen of the author's qualifications for dramatic composition, the subject he selects is grand enough in all conscience, his treatment of it is disfigured by solecisms innumerable, false quantities, disagreements between measure and time, and gross misstatements of political facts. In the 4th Act, Scene 1, Prussia is said to have wrung "eight hundred millions sterling, besides Alsatia and Lorraine, from France in the late war," and that if England had not "engloved her hands in shoddy like a cotton spinner," the other nations of Europe "waiting opportunity," "would brought (*sic*) ten million soldiers to the field, and stopped that scandal on civilization." The probability is that they would have made the "scandal" worse. It is impossible to rise from a perusal of this anonymous "dramatic poem" without feeling that it has been undertaken recklessly, and worked out carelessly by one of the many "phaetons" of politics and literature "who, with hands unfitted to the task, attempt to drive the chariot of the sun, who fail to see (to use the words of a Spirit communication) that Creation is a chain of unconnected and interdependent links. There is a common law for all, and upon its fixed and permanent character the mutual security of all depends;—suns by millions, planets by tens of millions, covered with living organism, all evidently working out some joint purpose.

"The scale is vast beyond conception. Whatever the purpose of this amazing machinery, man is but a microscopic wheel working in harmony with the rest. When we say man violates the laws of God, we scarcely consider the import of our words. The laws of God are the laws of the universe. Not one can be broken without parting the connection that holds creation together. Man is harnessed like the rest to his work; whatever his allotted part, he has to do it in harmony with the grand plan. Whatever the purpose of the Creator it cannot be frustrated, the ends designed are invariably accomplished."

Or, to further continue the same rational view of creation into *true* poetry, and at the same time explain the unmistakable ring of genius, we will conclude this notice by calling attention to the lines of Pope:—

"All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance directions which thou canst not see,
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good."

To write a poem on the subject of "This World and the Next," a man should be pure as frost flowers.

"His heart should ripen like the purple grape,
His country should be all the universe,
His friends the best and wisest of all time;
He should surround himself with harmony,
Like a young Angel bosomed in a star,
Breathing such ravishing delight, that soon
The critic world, entranced and rapt away,
Would cease to cavil and begin to sing."

We have spoken of this, the last of Mr. Robertson's psychological publications, with considerable freedom, because it is our duty to do so, and if severe treatment should stimulate the author to try again, and exercise more care in the construction of his sentences, his first work will not have been written altogether in vain.

THE MELBOURNE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

THE above lyceum was inaugurated at the Masonic Hall on Sunday morning, October 20th. Although no special effort had been made (the teachers being as yet inexperienced), twenty-five children, of ages varying from five to fifteen years, were enrolled. The exercises were necessarily brief on account of the time occupied in preliminary arrangements. Mr. Terry (the conductor) commenced the proceedings with a short address to the children explanatory of the objects of the lyceum, in the course of which he pointed out to them that it was the desire of their leaders to teach them how to think rather than what to think. To endeavor to prove to them that true happiness was the result of doing your whole duty to others as well as to yourself; that if another struck or injured them, a kindly remonstrance, and pointing out the injustice of the action to the perpetrator, would be more likely to prevent a repetition of the offence than returning the blow. The conductor said it was the desire of the officers of the lyceum to make the instruction pleasurable to all, and if any child felt their lesson irksome, by asking their leaders, something more congenial would be substituted. The initiatory exercises were then gone through, and the lyceum was dismissed for the day at 11 a.m.

RECLAIMED.

(Continued from our last.)

Want them or not, that is Mr. Ploughshare's orders, and it is more than I dare to disobey them. Come, out with them, and make a fire of some of that dry stuff, and when it burns up pitch them all on together, then you'll hear how they'll burn and crack. I was really astonished to see the reluctance of that child to destroy his nasty, dirty, old clothing, and I thought, well, I must not blame the child, for so it is in life generally. Now, our William when he found his suit too little for him, he cast it off and got a new one. He is a sensible man, and a wise man; for he says it is just the same with science, philosophy, the truths of nature, and religion. What big words these are; but that is what he says. Our intellectual and our spiritual clothing has been continually getting too small for us, and not only that, but with constant wear it has become ragged and unclean, and yet, like poor Grim, we cling to it, as though we could not live without it. This is how my dear William reasons. He says those theories and doctrines which fit our intellectual and spiritual nature this year won't fit them next, and ought to be cast off; they will fit somebody else who is no bigger than we were last year. We must apply to the Infinite source of truth and wisdom for a new intellectual and spiritual garment. Well, I don't know what to think; but this is what he is continually telling me; and then I go to church, and in the responses to our dear Mr. Cabin I say, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." If I could only persuade my dear husband to go to church, he would see these things different. If it is now as it was in the beginning, how can it be, as William says, that man is a progressive being? How can it be that all nature is progressive? And then, "as it is now and ever shall be world without end." I am afraid this reasoning of my dear husband's leads him from the church, and from the bible, and where it will lead him

to I cannot tell. I must get Mr. Cabin to talk to him, for I cannot answer his arguments. Where is that boy? I had forgotten him. Oh, there he is; he looks as if he was moralizing over the ashes of departed greatness, when it is only the ashes of rags and filth. Now, I suppose he thinks however ridiculous he may look in the dress he has on, there is no help for it, and he must wear it, I called him to me. Here, Grim, I want you.

I'm comin', marm.

Is that fire out?

Yes, marm; the last spark has just gone.

Now, Grim, I want to ask you a few questions. Just sit down there, for when you walk about I am in fear that every moment you will come right through those clothes. What did you do at school?

They calls it a school; but the boys calls it a "workery thrashery."

But did you not go to Sunday School there, and learn about God, and Christ, and Salvation?

We had to go into the School on Sunday and learn the catechism, and then the Rev. Wopemcum Brimstone used to preach about the devil and hell, and told us that when we died, all the bad boys would go to hell, and all the good ones would go to heaven. But all the boys as I knowed there were bad ones. I think from what I heard that some of the girls was very good; but all the boys was bad, and some of the girls was very bad.

Now, Grim, I don't know exactly what Mr. Ploughshare intends to do with you; but I should like to know what you could do, in case he decided to keep you here for a time. He may make some inquiry about you in town to-day, and make up his mind to send you to the place you came from.

Oh, marm, will you try and persuade him to keep me here, if I can do anything to earn my living at. I could clean the boots and knives; could split the wood, sweep the yard, weed the garden, light the fires, carry the milk round, and fetch up the cows. If you will only let me stop here, I will do anything you wish; go anywhere you send me; sleep in any place you like to put me in; and be thankful for whatever food you give me. Do anything with me, you like, but don't send me back there.

My dear child, I don't see how I could take the responsibility of your formal and religious training. It is very kind of my husband to bring you here, and I don't say nay to what he has done; but I can't understand it to be my duty to take the lost children that may be picked up in the street. My house might soon be filled with other people's children.

What was that you said, my dear? said William (who had come in without me perceiving him). You need not be afraid of receiving a very large family from that source, at least, not all at once. The great parent of all has placed this child in my way, and put it in my power to help him, and I do not intend to shirk my responsibility.

Well, William, is it your duty then to bring home all the larrikins you can pick up, and wash, and clothe, and feed them?

Mary, poor Grim is the only one I have brought you yet, and I hope you will co-operate with me in doing for him what you would wish others to do to a child of yours similarly situated.

I felt there was reason and humanity in my husband's desires towards the lad, and I could do no less than yield. Now, William, if I consent to take this boy in, you must remember it is because you request it, and I must have your consent that I train him in accordance with my own moral and religious opinions. It may be he has acquired shockingly immoral habits, and I am quite sure his religious education has been sadly neglected. I shall expect him to go to church and Sunday-school.

You hear that, Grim, do you? said William: you have got to be a very good and pious boy, or Mrs. Ploughshare will not consent to have you stop here.

I can weed the garden, split the wood, make the fires, fetch the cows up, and learn to milk them; but I don't know how to be either good or pious.

Oh, that will do for me. You only be clean, industrious and truthful; and as to your goodness and piety,

Mrs Ploughshare will teach you all that, if you are only willing to learn. She will introduce you to the Sunday school, and show you how to go on at the church.

In that manner William went on talking to him, when I left them, and tried what I could to arrange a bed for the boy. It being Saturday night, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered on the morrow, I wished to dismiss from my mind all worldly care and anxiety: so when Grim was gone to bed, I felt so strongly impressed to speak to William about the responsibility we had taken upon ourselves and the importance of setting a good example, that I spoke out to him. William, I said, I consider, as our good minister says, that spending the sabbath as you spend it is practical infidelity; and what do you think is to become of you if you go on violating the laws of God in this manner by never entering a Christian church. And now there is this poor lost child whom you have brought home for me to bring up in the way he should go. If you set him an example of Sabbath-breaking, is he not more likely to imitate you than me?

But, Mary, you do not intend to insist on that child going to church to-morrow, do you?

Well, I had thought of so doing, for you know it is important to begin as you intend to go on, and that is why I speak to you now, that you may see the importance of commencing to-morrow to set the boy a good example by going to church yourself. But on second thought I don't see how it would be decent and safe to let Grim go there in such clothing. If any accident should happen him in getting up or sitting down in church, the whole suit might slip off altogether.

Well now, Mary, you know I love you to well to make game of such things as you look upon with veneration. I should like to ask you one question before retiring to rest. Could you love your husband as well as you do now if, by consenting to go to church with you to-morrow, he made a contemptible hypocrite of himself?

William, I do not believe my husband capable of acting the part of a hypocrite, neither do I think your attendance in the house of God for the purpose of worshipping him must of necessity make a hypocrite of you.

Now, Mary, you know this is a matter on which we have talked many times before, and you are desirous of keeping yourself in a calm state of mind for engaging in that sacred ceremony to-morrow, yet you will not be satisfied without drawing me into an argument out of which you are sure to come second best, with your temper very much ruffled. It is useless for you to talk to me about the exclusive sacredness of stone walls, the holiness of external ceremonies, or the sanctity of one day in the week more than another.

I did not want to have my peaceful slumbers disturbed that night, neither did I wish to have my thoughts diverted from the heavenly exercises of the Lord's day, so I gave up the point for the present, and resolved that I would induce our dear minister to undertake to convince my dear husband of his fatal error. I passed the Sabbath-day in the enjoyment of that holy calm which can exist in the breast of true Christians only, and feeling how good a thing it is for me to live in the enjoyment of such blessedness. I could not help but pity my dear husband and that poor lad, who were both alike ignorant of the unfailing source of my joy.

(To be continued.)

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